It will not be auoided but this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my loue to her.
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue bene,
Not by desertes, but what I will deserue,
Vrge the necessitie and state of times,
And be not pieuish, fond in great designes.
Qu. Shall *I* be tempted of the diuell thus.
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe.
King. I, if your selfes remembrance, wrong your selfe.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children.
King. But in your daughters wombe, I buried them,
Where in that nest of spicerie they shall breed,
Selfes of themselues, to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I go winne my daughter to thy will.
King. And be a happie mother by the deede,
Qu. I goe, write to me verie shortlie.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse, farewell. *Exit.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious Soueraigne on the westerne coast,
Rideth a puissant Nauie. To the shore,
Throng manie doubtfull hollow harted friendes,
Vnarmd, and vnresolud to beate them backe:
Tis thought that Richmond is their admirall,
And there they hull, expecting but the aide,
Of Buckingham, to welcome them a shore.
King. Some light-foote friend, post to the Duke of Norff.
Ratcliffe thy selfe, or Catesbie, where is hee?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flie to the Duke, post thou to Salisburie,
When thou comst there, dull vnmindfull villaine,
Whie standst thou still? and goest not to the Duke.
Cat. First mightie Soueraigne, let me know your minde,
What, from your grace, I shall deliuer them.
King. O, true good Catesbie, bid him leuie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presentlie at Salisburie.

Rat.

Rat. What is it your highnes pleasure, I shall do at Salisbu
King. Whie? what wouldst thou doe there before I goe? (ry,
Rat. Your highnes told me I should post before.
King. My mind is changd sir, my minde is changd.
How now, what newes with you?

Enter Darbie.

Dar. None good my Lord, to please you with the hearing,
Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.
King. Hoiday, a riddle, neither good, nor bad:
Why doest thou runne so many mile about,
When thou maist tell thy tale a neerer way.
Once more, what newes?
Dar. Richmond is on the Seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuerd runnagate, what doeth he there?
Dar. I know not mightie Soueraigne, but by guesse.
King. Well sir, as you guesse, as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by Dorset, Buckingham, and Elie,
He makes for England, there to claime the crowne.
King. Is the chaire emptie? is the sword vnswaied?
Is the king dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of Yorke is there aliue but we?
And who is Englands King, but great Yorkes heire,?
Then tell me, what doeth he vpon the sea?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my liege, I cannot guesse.
King Vnlesse for that, he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse, wherefore the Welshman comes,
Thou wilt reuolt, and flie to him *I* feare.
Dar. No mightie liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King Where is thy power then? to beate him backe,
Where are thy tennants? and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Westerne shore?
Safe conducting, the rebels from their ships.
Dar, No my good Lord, my friendes are in the North.
King. Cold friends to Richard, what doe they in the North?
When they should serue, their Soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not bin commaunded, mightie soueraigne.
Please it your Maiestie to giue me leaue,

Ile mu-